

Belson, Straying From The Stranded

Let's meet where the paved roads end.
Make sure that we're secure.
The cold words sit on frost-bitten lips,
But words, like knives, should cut through.
Each glance we make is a chance we take
And they wait for us to fail.
Have the things we meant to keep in quiet been found?
Have we failed?
Our discourse is disarrayed
And dancing in the airwaves.
You've breached our communications;
This isn't small talk, it's espionage.
It's how we say goodbye.
You're straying from the standard.
Slipped phenol in the glass
And overturned the gasoline.
We've failed.
You've got all wires crossed.
I've got you in crosshairs.
Cut all ties
And end transmission.
It's only business.